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HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. ROCHLITZ.]

[The approaching Centennial of the birth of Handel's Song of Man's Redemption induces us to translate the following analysis of this glorious work. We hope that it may induce some of our readers to listen to the work itself, when the Handel and Haydn Society will perform it on the 21st of next month, with new and increased interest.]—Ed.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL. In his seventh year of life he was a distinguished organ player; in his tenth year he appeared in public with compositions for the church, in his fifteenth with operas, being made musical director of the Opera in Hamburg; in his nineteenth year he won the admiration of all Italy; in his twenty-fifth he was made chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards king of England, George I., and henceforth to his death, in his seventy-fifth year of age (1759), and from that to this day, he reigned a prince of music, with monarchic sway in Great Britain, jointly with his peers in Germany. Of him, his greatest cotemporary, **JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH**, said: he is the only one whom I should like to see, before I die, and who I should like to be, if I were not Bach;—of him his greatest successor, **WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART** said, when he heard the above exclamation of Bach: Truly so would I say, if I could

speak of myself by the side of these men. George Frederic Handel stands in the whole history of music separate in all respects from all before or after him, an apparition singularly heroic, nay, colossal (even his body was so) in its kind; at the same time of such an influence by his works on all nations, that do not *wilfully* remain ignorant of the most noble and grand in this art, that every one, who reflects on the music of past times, must necessarily often turn his thoughts upon him, and that it must be to every writer on music almost easier to speak of him than to be silent about him.

We follow this natural inclination, and not now for the first time. We do not now enter upon Handel's interesting, rich and much agitated life; that has been done by others, it has been done with spirit and good knowledge;* we do not attempt either a critical sketch of his mind, his art, or of his works generally; that also has been done by others with thorough judgment and praiseworthy care;† we take up a single one of his works for the purpose of fully considering it; but it is one, which, created in the fulness of the vigor of manhood (1739 and 1740), was the most cherished by the author up to his death; it became afterwards the most celebrated work, exerting the greatest influence up to this day—and it is in its whole plan the most characteristic, and stands without exception among the most excellent of all the works that ever emanated from this powerful mind. We will consider the MESSIAH.

Handel was, notwithstanding his very violent temper, a pious christian; he was in faith, as in every thing else, earnest, firm, and zealous. He showed this frankly and freely, even at court. He kept for his whole lifetime strictly to his own church; yet not at all entering upon their doctrinal polemics at the time, or troubling his mind about the views and representations of individuals in and out of that church, he looked for instruction and conviction, for rule and direction, for strength and comfort, solely to the holy scriptures. These he therefore read diligently, since his years of full manhood

* It has been done most faithfully and instructively by Hiller, (*Biographies of celebrated musical men, etc.*) and by Burney (*Account of Handel's life and of the celebration to his memory, etc.*) Yet in reading these works we must take into consideration that Hiller had devoted himself to a very different kind of music, and that Burney could never entirely forget that Handel was a German and not an Englishman.

† Especially by the two men just mentioned in the works above referred to, as well as in others.

daily, and thus he became intimately acquainted with them. His mind, his whole nature living and being in the art, was most attracted by the prophets and by the more difficult writings of St. Paul; and it entered, especially in his later years, deeply into the doctrine of the redemption—not merely confining it to the sufferings and death of our Saviour—but meditating upon it in its entire, immense bearing and importance. To glorify this truth before his fellow men, by his art, as far as possible; to bring it as near to their hearts as it was to his own; that was one of his favorite ideas and a wish which he cherished for a good while. And when he had found the first starting point, he went eagerly to work and rejected every thing else, until it was finished. This starting point was: not the word of man, however beautiful or eloquent, must be my text, but alone the word of God, without adding to or detracting from it, simple and grand, as we find it in the holy scriptures; and even in these words—the historical facts must be merely alluded to; all must be offered to the thinking mind, to an elevated imagination, to concentrated feelings, in short vigorous sentences for their own further conception and activity; it must be a Cantata of the whole race of redeemed men, in praise of their redemption.

He had communicated his intention to some friends, and from them one of the English Bishops learnt it, and sent word to him, that he might wait a little while; he, the Bishop himself, wished to write the poem for him. But Handel replied in noble anger: How? does he think he can give me a better text than prophets and apostles, full of the holy spirit? or does he think, that I do not esteem the bible as highly or know it as well as he does? Handel alone had conceived the plan, he alone executed it; he asked nobody to chose the sacred words for him. And how grand, how beautiful was his choice! What theologian, what bible friend, be he ever so thorough or enthusiastic, could have chosen better?

The work was finished; he performed it. After the first excitement, and satisfied curiosity, it found but little favor. It is too serious and too difficult, the public said; he did not care, and repeated his Messiah; he lost his property by the empty concerts; he did not care, but repeated his Messiah.* At last the spirit and the excel-

* The well known lord Chesterfield one day returned from one of these repetitions. He met a friend. Is the concert already over? asked the friend. Oh no! was the answer. I had only to present myself before the king, further I

lence of the work prevailed ; the best judges spoke loudly in favor of it ; many of the people assented, and they began already to consider it a national work ; however, the noble author had in the mean time grown old and blind ; he laid down and was gathered to his fathers.*

In Germany the work was known for a long while only to a few connoisseurs. Only the reports in public papers of its brilliant, highly successful performances by the great associations on occasion of the festival in commemoration of Handel in London, directed general attention to it, and father Hiller was the first to meet it. The effect of its being transferred to the German soil was every where, where it enjoyed only a tolerable execution, decidedly great ; and such it is still and always will be. Yet the great public in Germany has not yet received it as an independent, classic, and therefore always again and again demanded national work—such as Mozart's *Don Juan* and his *Requiem*, Haydn's *Creation*, and some others. The cause is, if I do not mistake mainly, this, that the public has not entered into its whole as a unity—in its idea, in its sharply defined plan, and in its characteristic style and form, originating in this idea. We listen to the work and praise it generally more for some of its most powerful and brilliant pieces, such as : “ For unto us a child

did not want to encroach upon his solitude. A friend, pitying him, said : “ your best work will make you poor ! ” See, he replied, that is my comfort that it is my best work.

* This is the common course of the world ; and it can hardly be otherwise. How were it possible that a work of the mind, new from its very foundation, created from the depth of the author's own peculiar character, constructed upon a mountain top hitherto unexplored, should be at once justly esteemed by every one, even though it did not suffer from any extraneous obstacles ? The gap between the author and the public is still too great ; the latter must first be elevated and cultivated to the standard of the author. That requires time and opportunity. That work, which is to be at once fully appreciated by every one, must strike just those conceptions and feelings, which lay hidden in every body, however unclear and undefined they may naturally be ; it must well define them and represent them clearly, and if so it may be, beautifully too ; the work must, therefore, stand above the public, but not much. In matters of art every one thinks he has the right to give his judgment (in general this is not wrong) ; but among a hundred, who judge, there is hardly one who thinks, if the work does not please him, that the fault might be *his own*. (Lichtenberg makes the same observation thus : when a book and a head come in contact, giving a hollow sound, it does not always originate in the book). This puts particular obstacles in the way of a *new* work ; that is for some time. But man lives, to be sure, only for some time ! that is, on this earth, in his body.

is born"—"Halleluja, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,"—"Worthy is the lamb, that was slain;" and these we hear, therefore, often alone, separate from the rest. But in this way just the most essential, the highest quality of the work, is not realized; its main object is not obtained, and its master is deprived of his less shining, yet the more imperishable wreath of laurels. Nay even these pieces themselves lose part of their great effect by being broken out of their place and connection.

Who, knowing and appreciating the work, would not like to contribute according to his powers to its full understanding? Let me then try to do this, by analyzing the work in all its parts, with constant reference however to it as a whole, and to its before mentioned fundamental idea. I hope you will willingly follow me, for I lead you to something truly great and beautiful; and whatever in my words, short and roughly sketched as they are, (for if I would fully exhaust the theme, it would be too much for you,) may appear cold and lifeless to you, that will gain new life and warmth, when you hear the work again with my words in your heart and mind.

The Overture of the Messiah begins with a sombre, flat, very monotonous largo, in which the whole human race groans and sighs under its burthen, under which it succumbs; in the fugue attached to it, however, it once more gathers its strength, though forcedly, violently to fight one against the other, and each one against himself. Theme—setting in of the principal parts, especially the bass parts, the whole management—all are driving, and pressing and laboring without any other result than that in the end all again sink monotonously down together.* Help—there *must* be help and comfort; but it cannot come by man himself. A soft, very simple, tranquillizing, truly refreshing melody (in E major, the overture was in E minor) begins, and a voice sings gently and cheerfully: "Comfort ye my people, says your God! speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem"—and when this heavenly comfort has opened our heart, the voice speaks louder and shorter: "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,

* Considered as a mere piece of music this overture is the most unimportant one of all that Handel ever wrote. How difficult must it have come to him, to write just so in just this work! How clear and manly does he prove himself by thus sacrificing his own *self* to his higher object! That in later arrangements it has been tried to give greater effect to this overture by a richer instrumentation is evidently mistaking this higher object, and a great error,

prepare ye the way of the Lord." Now we may gain new hope; God sends comfort to his people! Yes, there is a decisive allusion to him, by whom all shall be made good. Now we can receive the air: "Ev'ry valley shall be exalted and ev'ry mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight," etc.: this song, rising to gentle fire, and dwelling with childlike joy on the dear *images*, will now be enjoyed by us, even in its images of the "rough places" which shall be made "plain," and so forth. Now in hope and faith we join together in a chorus, "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed"—and soon the fire of pious joy kindles brighter and the confidence grows firmer, in which all unisono pronounce in *one* long, vigorous tone: (all flesh will see) "*that the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" What richness of invention and execution combined with the greatest simplicity: what depth without all appearance of studied learning is in this chorus! Nearly one hundred and fifty measures, and throughout weaved together from only *four* quite short phrases, and throughout the whole piece there is not *one* mere repetition! This manner is the cause why Handel appears so inexhaustibly rich and always different in his numerous works. He does not give many things, but much, only gold; and this he uses in the most careful and diversified manner. Thus he economizes, but like a king, not like a meanly thinking son of a capitalist; he has always sufficient to spend, and yet every one is satisfied. Handel never takes up a thought, especially in the chorusses, which is not weighty or important, even not in the accompaniments; and since he always composed from the full gushings of his soul, that is, not merely in order to please or to write well, none other but significant thoughts *could* rise within him; but what he had once conceived he kept unwaveringly, observing the most rigid economy with his subjects, while he handled the form, which allowed him continual change and diversity, with splendid liberality. And how firmly does he keep here also the plan of the whole in view! The chorus is joyful, it has also sublime parts; this cannot be mistaken, yet it gives the feeling, that in the course of the work much higher joys and much more solemn elevation await the hearer, when it will be more perfectly developed. For this purpose Handel keeps back all the more brilliant, more surprising and attractive external means of his art, all other instruments except the simple quartetto.

The pieces hitherto spoken of form the preface and introduction, as it were, to the work itself; and, however excellent in themselves,

they are still more so, considered in this light, giving in text and music, not a definite sketch, but a sufficient allusion to the whole, that is to follow : a feeling of misery, comfort, appeasing, encouragement, joy, praise. The artist goes back now and begins more distinctly to indicate his object and to advance towards it. A solemn Bass Recitativo pronounces : " Thus saith the Lord : the Lord of Hosts, yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, the sea, etc., and the desire of all nations shall come." And now the vigorous close : " Behold ! he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts." Yet still the race of man wants the power to raise the head ; anxiously, it is afraid even of its salvation ; and shily, as it were, it dares only lift up its head. Quite in *this* way the music of the following air renders the words : " But who may abide the day of his coming and who shall stand when he appeareth ?" But a voice begins (in G minor), in the beginning almost without any instruments, sadly but not despondingly, the chorus : " He shall purify the sons of Levi." I hardly know a more heart touching, so called lyric skip, as that from the former number to this : " Who can stand ?" Without him, nobody ! But—" He shall purify them !" And this once being pronounced, each longing heart repeats it ; one part sets in after the other (of course, in music exactly in the same melody, for words and music are here always *one*) ; some continue, " that they may offer to the Lord an offering of righteousness." In this they join one after the other with more courage, yet meanwhile steadily keep to " He shall purify them"—for that is the all important thing. The close observer will find in the progress of the principal parts, towards the end and in some turns of the accompaniment, allusions to the later chorus : " For unto us a child is born." How thoughtful and lovely is this !

Now a short Recitativo announces simply : Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emanuel : God with us. And an alto voice joins it in tender joy : " O thou, that telleth good tidings to Zion ; lift up thy voice with strength ; say unto the cities of Juda, Behold your God ! the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee !" from which air Handel forms afterwards a beautiful chorus—without any new addition. In the two last of the phrases mentioned : Behold your God ! and, the glory of the Lord, etc., in the air as well as in the chorus the voice several times adoringly descends into the lower tones, and ceases, while only the instruments in low, soft murmuring, finish the expression of

silence. Very dark and sombre (B minor) the instruments begin and progress in the following Bass Solo: "Behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people!" yet how touchingly it gradually clears up at the words: "But above thee goes the Lord,"—to which is annexed the very strange air, kept entirely in mystic darkness and anxiously pressing onward: "The people, that walked in darkness," etc., where in short rhythms and in strange modulations all the voices and the instruments too go almost entirely unisono, and in which, if well executed, you feel as though you also walked "in the shadow of death," and could hardly see the distant, much wished morning dawn. With great judgment Handel gives a few measures of symphony at the end of this air, giving up the unisono, and bringing out a principal subject of the number in two parts and more clearly, in order to prepare the hearer for a just conception of the celebrated, and yet not sufficiently appreciated, chorus of "For unto us a child is born," etc.

It would be easier to write several pages on this chorus than some lines merely. The *musician* will be always full of its praise, and justly so, on account of the equally skilful disposition and execution of it, preserving at the same time a semblance of natural ease, simplicity and transparency; we will content ourselves with the following sketch, which will be at once understood by every one. Six—no more than six—measures of the symphony contain beforehand *all* the musical ideas, from which this very long chorus is composed, with exception of a single one, which Handel, as we shall hear immediately, could not yet betray. These ideas are brought out here plainly, but vigorously. They are so characteristic and so well represent what they intend, that I never yet have witnessed a performance without observing how every face, which had previously been serious or even darkened with contracted brows, brightened up at their sound even before any of the voices set in. The soprano voice alone begins with the principal subject to announce the joyful message: "For unto us a child is born and a son is given," while the instruments interchanging, piano, mingle with the voice with a second favorite subject. The tenor voice next takes up the same words in the same melody; but when it has announced the joyful message only half, the other voice interrupts, as though it could not help breaking forth, in the same tones, and carries the subject out with more spirit in a richer figure (the third musical idea), while the other voice finishes its sentence, and the instruments in this joyful excite-

ment almost entirely give up to the voices. Now the Alto takes those words and the first melody; the Alto is interrupted by the Bass, as the Tenor was by the Soprano; until the Tenor, without any instruments (with the exception of the continuous Bass) and more solemnly only, pronounces: "and the government shall be upon his shoulder," which the other parts, as though they were afraid, simply repeat: the ascending from the lower notes of the Bass, thoughtful and doubting, as it were, is beautiful. Suddenly, as by revelation, all the parts break out into "His name shall be called: Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting father, the prince of peace"—and with this *Wonderful* all the fulness of the hitherto restrained Orchestra and Chorus rushes together into one stream, like a mountain torrent, and every soul bows down in ecstasy before the power of these simple chords (these Handel could not betray in the symphony, for he meant to surprise), in which all the voices and instruments (with the exception of trumpets and kettle-drums, for whom it is not yet time) merely proclaim each one of his exalted names, then stop a few moments, that the name may have time widely to resound; then again proclaim the following, keeping immovably on the same chord, then stop again, and so forth—while only the violins take up that joyful figure which, after the first strain, the Soprano had first executed alone, warbling up with it to the height and there in thirds combine the single exclamation with each other.

Handel in this chorus carries out with the same ideas and in general in the same way, but in the greatest variety as to the particulars, all that I have just now described, two times more; after which all the voices and instruments join and all these ideas are brought together, announcing once more the whole gospel in the highest ecstasy. The symphony once more alludes to the principal subjects, thus carrying the soul back from the constantly increased excitement to mild tranquillity. This is continued and the short pastoral symphony in three parts $\frac{1}{2}$ time brings sweet, very soft tones. If it had appeared at another place, say as the middle piece of an orchestral symphony, even of those times, it might be called too modest, too narrowly confined; but in this place, where it is meant to make the same impression upon the mind as the exhibition of a painting of the adoration of the shepherds by one of the oldest Italian or German masters, it is just what is wanted. And in the same way the simple narrative of Lucas follows it—"there were shepherds abiding in the field, and lo the Angel of the Lord came upon them and they were

sore afraid, and the Angel said unto them : Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," etc.; which narrative is distributed between the Tenor and Soprano, interrupting each other in the eager interest which they take in it; and in which, when the angels are introduced, the higher stringed instruments, without the Basses, mingle their notes softly and delicately, and so forth. "The multitude of the heavenly hosts" is with the angel, praising God in the chorus: "Glory be to God in the highest," etc. The chorus is beautiful, but—be it because these words are generally known as being more brilliantly treated, and yet in a manner, highly worthy of them, in the best masses of our great masters, or because after the jubilee of humanity: "For unto us a child is born," something still higher is expected of the angels—it does not entirely satisfy. Handel might have produced something higher, no doubt; but he evidently wanted to save it for those scenes, where angels and men offer up together their adoration and praises. The solemn silence of the voices after: "Peace on earth"—and the soft continuing of the instruments on low tones; and the conclusion, where Handel again, by the delicate play of the *higher* stringed instruments alone, indicates the return of the heavenly spirits to their home, are very pleasing and have something of childlike *naivete*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

A correspondent in your number for July 17, complains that in your statement in the previous number, "in regard to the greater means of the Handel and Haydn Society," in comparison with those of the Boston Academy of Music, "you labor under a false impression"; and in making his remarks he says, he thinks he "is guided by a knowledge of the resources of the two institutions." Such is your correspondent's opinion. But he cannot object, if others, who believe themselves equally well acquainted with "the resources of the two institutions," entertain a different opinion. And as he has expressed his opinion, he will undoubtedly be willing that the same opportunity should be accorded to others.

Of both the resources and the operations of the two institutions, I have had a good deal of knowledge for several years: and I have merely to say, that in making the remarks you did, you did not ap-

pear to me to "labor under a false impression"; but the remarks seemed to me to be a very simple statement of a deliberate opinion founded on the facts of the case. Your correspondent gives no reason for his opinion, and goes into no comparison of the "means" of the two institutions, to show on what it is founded. In this respect I feel every disposition to leave the question where he has; but I was not willing that your readers should peruse his statement, and not be informed that others agreed in opinion with you.

The points of information upon which an opinion on this subject ought to be formed, might perhaps be numerous. Your own remarks, under the head of "Teachers' Classes—National Musical Convention," in the same number that contained your correspondent's communication, I regard as embracing some of them. Indeed, so important are the points therein suggested, that I cannot refrain from recommending them to your readers for re-perusal.

A FRIEND OF TRUE SCIENCE.

THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[Continued from page 218.]

In the meantime, Dohl, who had thrown his brown cloak round his head, in the form of a Capucin's hood, silenced the burst of laughter, by delivering the following parody on the opening scene of the *Camp of Wallenstein* :—

Highly tighty ! Diddledumdee !

And do you call this music ? Now to me

It seems mere raving, mere inanity.

Oh, monstrous outrage ! strange insanity !

And call you these composers ? On my life

A Turkish band, for every mischief rife.

The sacred muses are condemned to see

Their godlike leader, the divine Apollo

Straining his throat to reach a huntsman's halloo !

Egyptian plagues are in th' orchestra found,
 Shrill octave-flutes, and drums of thundering sound.
 Come, stand not there with idly folded arms;
 Hark! war is raging with its loud alarms:
 The guardian bulwarks of fair song lie low,
 And poor Italia falls beneath the foe.
 Composers, boasting from all rule release,
 And, scorning nature, follow wild caprice;
 For sound far more solicitous than sense,
 Willing for rhyme, with reason to dispense,
 In glory's temple anxious for no niche,
 Less moved by palms that wave, than palms that itch:
 Content the strange fantastic praise to gain
 Of having turned the giddy hearer's brain.
 The lovers of the art meanwhile forlorn,
 Humbled in sackcloth and in ashes mourn,
 While the director, studious but of Cocker,
 Laughs in his sleeve, and snugly fills his locker.
 Our masters now with musty rules dispense,
 And counterpoint with them is countersense;
 Our melodies are maladies at best,
 Poor sickly things in tinsel finely drest.
 Scarce from the nursery freed, see unbreech'd boys
 Push'd forward in the world to make a noise.
 Well, in the world to make a noise, is now
 To make a world of noise, you must allow.
 Talk not of classic taste, 'tis all mere stuff;
 Nought goes down now but vapor, noise, and puff.
 But whence is this? 'Tis easy to conceive:
 The thoughtless many are content to live
 On other's judgment; if the Pundits laud it,
 A thousand chime in with their ready plaudit.
 After a cadence, be it good or bad,
 These fuglemen of taste lead off like mad;
 Of course the many follow without fail—
 "After the ass," says Æsop, "comes his tail."
 Thus taste and common sense are kept at bay,
 And noise and hireling *views* win the day.
 Gluck, so they say, wrote something that is sure
 As long as Music's self shall last t'endure;
 And Mozart, too, had power to create
 Works full of fire, and in effect how great!
 Yet, do we read that these were untaught loobies,
 Who laughed at learning like our modern boobies?
 Beshrew me, 'tis a vexing thing to think

That the same prodigality of ink
That's wasted upon wretched common places,
Might have been used for works on which the Graces
Had left the impress of that passing power
No years can dim, no rage of time devour.

But come, let us another truth reveal:
There's a commandment that "thou shalt not steal;"
Well, surely our composers, you will say,
That precept conscientiously obey;—
Yes, sure they do; they use no nice disguise,
But plunder openly, before all eyes.
From their fell talons, deadly where they fix,
From their ten thousand arts and wily tricks,
No piece is sacred; not the air alone,
The very bass is made the plunderer's own;
Change but the movement or the mode, and see,
German or French, will suit them to a T.
What says the preacher? *Contenti estote!*
Which means, if I translate, what here I quote ye,
"There, take your daily bread, content"—I say,
"There's something more to clap; now, go your way."
But why blame the composer? those, be sure,
Whose folly courts the evil they endure,
Should bear the blame: let those who make the fool
Be still content to be his humble tool.

Felix. Hold, my good sir, you overstep your mark;
At us composers you are free to bark;
But in our presence, prithee, have a care
How you defame the public—nay, beware!

Dahl (starting from his seat). And do you too beware how you defame my favorite Rossini. Do you suppose that though I know his faults to be numberless, I love him the less? No, I am fond of this *enfant gaté de la fortune*. Behold with what a charming though reckless air he strolls through the room; what sprightliness and wit sparkle in his eye; what pretty posies he throws into the laps of the ladies as he passes. And what if, in the glee of the moment, he treads upon some old gentleman's toes, or dashes to atoms some valuable mirror? we pardon the froward urchin, we take him in our arms, and coax him into good humor with sweetmeats and caresses. What I most dread is the time when he shall take it in his head to act wiseacre. Heaven grant this fluttering butterfly a flowery death

ere, trying to become a bee, he is transformed into a wasp, to the annoyance of all about him.

* * Several more blank pages occur in the original, and we come to the following fanciful satire.—Ed. M. W.

THE MASQUERADE. I had written the last bars of my piece, and was dwelling with all an author's rapture upon the happy flourishes, which, with no sparing hand, I had scattered over the concluding movement, when my friend hastened into my apartment in his domino and mask, and took me familiarly by the arm. "A truce to your everlasting study," cried he; "come, let us away: it is expected to be one of the gayest masquerades of the season. All the beauties of the town will be there; then such punch, such champagne, such music—I was going to say; but there I must hold, that look of your's tells me so. Well, we must take it as it is. On such occasions, as coarseness is made to pass for wit, so is noise for music, I suppose. But let us take things as we find them; when at Rome—you know the proverb. Come, no delay; the coach is at the door, all is ready, so *allons!*"

Before I had even time to make up my mind, I found myself in the vehicle, and enveloped, by the hands of my laughing friend, in a domino and mask. The coach drove off, and in a few minutes more I was in the vortex of a crowd of party-colored beings, who claimed a privilege to-day of appearing something else than they really were. I stood for some moments gazing upon the scene in a kind of reverie: from this, however, I was soon aroused by the unceremonious elbows of some dancers, who whirled past me, but not without leaving a very sensible impression upon my ribs. It was not long before I began to inhale the atmosphere of thoughtless merriment, by which I was surrounded, and gradually mingled in the giddy whirlpool of the noisy throng.

Beneath the mask one feels oneself quite a different being; an evident proof how much, in our intercourse with men, we are the creatures of form. Every one thinks and speaks with a freedom to which he was a stranger before his face was concealed by a piece of waxed paper. The bashful lover now ventures for the first time to avow his flame, and the timid maiden is no longer apprehensive of betraying her blushes. Even the friend addresses the friend with a freedom before unknown; and the humble dependent dares risk his wit upon his Mæcenas.

My gay companion did not fail to ogle and quiz every peasant girl, every nun, and Turkish fair one, that passed him. At last, such was the freedom of his manner, that I was induced to quit his arm, and drop behind. At this moment, a rush took place towards our quarter of the room, and I was separated from my friend. I found myself *vis-a-vis* to two figures, habited as vampires; "Well, how goes on the pianoforte?" was their salute in passing. A flower-girl pulled me by the sleeve, and presenting me with a nosegay, whispered in my ear, "This is for the musical treat you afforded me the other evening." A figure of his Satanic Majesty passed me, and said, "There, set that to music!" holding up a piece of paper, on which was inscribed, *To Emily*. I seized the paper, exclaiming, "I respect her name even in the mouth of the devil himself—wait till the next masquerade, and your request shall be complied with." "Such music must be a real nuisance to an ear like *yours*," said a third emphatically, as he passed me. "Not at all," I rejoined; "but there is one thing which is really so—that people should persist in *boring* an artist with the only thing which he never wishes to *hear*, but to *feel*." Provoked at being thus recognised by every mask I met, I made my way out of the crowd, and retired to the back of one of the boxes.

From this situation I was, however, soon attracted by a singular procession of masks of the most grotesque kind, which entered at the folding doors at the bottom of the room. General curiosity was awakened. The music of the dance ceased, and the figure of a harlequin, stepping forward, begged permission of the company to give a Grand Declamatory-Dramatic-Melopoetic-Allegoric representation in verse. A tall, stately, phlegmatic personage next came forward, with a bandage on his brow, on which stood inscribed in staring letters, the word "Impartiality;" a label from his mouth had the words, "Zeal for the Art." On his breast he bore a bulky musical catalogue, and out of his pocket hung a roll of paper, which, at a glance, I recognised to be a certain Gazette. The figure assumed a pompous attitude, and delivered the following

PROLOGUE.

Ye friends and lovers of the art, from you
We feel assured to gain the credit due,
When we protest, that 'tis not to obtain
Mere praise alone, still less from love of gain;
(Praise is an empty bubble at the best,

And filthy lucre, gods, how we detest !)
From no unworthy motives such as these,
We now, as-ever, feel the wish to please :
No ! the pure love of art alone has sway'd
Our conduct in each effort we have made.

Our task is oft a thankless one at best,
And yet our zeal has never been depress'd,
Still anxious by each honest means to gain
That end the wise oft strive for, but in vain.
To nobler products by the pen supplied,
Our ready patronage was ne'er denied,
And thousands that should ne'er have seen the light,
We publish almost in our own despite.
To meddle with a ponderous score is *now*
A work of no small risk you will allow ;
Yet every year beholds the trial made,
With what success in general—ask the trade.
Yet something must be risked, if but to give
The poor composer wherewithal to live.
Look at our groaning shelves, for they can best
Our ceaseless labors in the cause attest.

The piece we here present is of a kind
To please the taste of each enlightened mind ;
'Twould ill become us any praise to lend it.
Its own intrinsic worth will best commend it ;
As for the price, you can't but be content,
Paper, the best—engraving, excellent.

(To be continued.)

TO OUR READERS.

We have to beg the indulgence of our readers for the irregularity in the issue of the Magazine. We have lately entered upon entirely new business relations, requiring our whole attention and care until we shall have domesticated ourselves in them. We trust that we shall be able to issue the two following numbers in two successive weeks.